

## THE BRIDGEPORT TIMES

And Evening Farmer  
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1922

## GIVE THE CITY A MODERN CHARTER.

Several non-partisan organizations joined to agitate for a modern charter for Bridgeport. From their action proceeded a citizens committee, abundant in ability and enthusiasm. Under direction of this committee petitions are in circulation, addressed to the mayor, asking him, as the law requires when the request is made by ten per cent of the registered voters, to submit at the next election the question, "Shall a commission be named to draft a new charter."

Bridgeport needs a modern system of government; has needed it for many years.

What has operated to delay a reform so necessary? For ten years the city was dominated by an aggressive, predatory political machine, which found abundant scope for its enterprise in the charter as it is. The times were not favorable for change.

The greatest single obstacle in the way is the not uncommon belief, "that it doesn't matter what the form of government is," that government is entirely a question of persons.

The goal of this group of thinkers is the good man as mayor. "Get us a good man," they say, "and government will be what it ought to be."

Generations come and go. The good man, never appears. By the time he has an opportunity to be "good," politics intervenes, or his own mistakes ruin him, and he is cast into outer darkness.

It is as important that the machinery of municipal government should be modern, progressive, the best, as it is that an industrial plant shall meet the most exacting conditions.

In the early days of America, some said, when the patriots proposed to sever relations with monarchy, and establish a Republic, that "government is a matter of good men, and that the form of it is of little consequence."

Were they right? Does it make no difference whether government is by an absolute monarch, by a constitutional monarch, or by the people?

Can the same results be attained in a nation in which the people have no right of suffrage, as in the United States?

It makes a tremendous difference whether the administrators of Bridgeport have inferior tools to work with, or superior tools.

A good workman can do good work with poor tools. A good workman with the best tools will far surpass a good workman with the worst tools.

The opinion of intelligent thinkers on municipal government has consolidated into a few simple principles, of which the following are some:

City government should be non-partisan in character. Its employees should be under civil service and serve while they are efficient.

The head of the government should be skillful, and be experienced in the work he will have to do.

He should be a manager, more than a mayor; a business man more than a politician.

The city is a great business concern. Give it modern equipment. Give it a modern charter.

## COMMISSION ON GERMAN CLAIMS.

The United States has agreed with Germany upon an equitable and efficient means for determining the amount of American claims against Germany, caused during the war by the seizure of American property, and otherwise.

A commission of one representative of each government will take up the facts, and determine them. In the event of a disagreement an umpire will direct the decision. The umpire has been named by the President at the request of the German government.

The President takes the matter out of the hands of the Senate, which had before it the single proposal of Senator Underwood, under which Germany had no part in the settlement of any question, all determinations being by the American government alone. The agreement ought to give good results, and earn for America an increase in its European reputation for fair play.

Rifle Answers As  
To Efficiency of  
General's Troops

Peekskill, N. Y., Aug. 12.—In his finest uniform, decorated with gold lace and medals for bravery, Major-General H. Haraguchi, of the Japanese army, witnessed the Seventh New York National Guard Regiment at target practice on a 500-yard range.

"Are the commissioned officers of the Japanese army well trained from the ground up?" he was asked by an American officer.

He answered half an hour later.

It was raining. The firing line was a quagmire. In the mud of the center line lay a private, mud-smudged. Every time he fired at a target a flag waved over that target, informing him that he had missed the mark. The Japanese general smiled as the Yank private missed again and again.

"May I take the soldier's rifle?" he queried of Adjutant-General J. Leslie Kincaid, who nodded assent.

The private rose from his pit, snatched his rifle from the Nippon officer and moved to the rear.

General Haraguchi slid into the muddy hole. He fired ten shots.

From the pit under the target a soldier telephoned:

"Ten straight bull's-eyes. Some shooting, buddy!"

General Haraguchi, mud-covered, smiled.

"Japanese officers," he said, "are well trained from the ground up."

Warning Issued  
To Beware All  
"Booze Power"

Washington, Aug. 12.—(By the A. P.)—Home brewers and anti-Volsteadians beware. The "Booze Powder," is the warning sent broadcast by the Post Office Department in a recent circular. For stemming a tide of "dehydrated" alcoholic beverages of reminiscent names is a steady job of that fraud section of the department.

It came during an interval of silence after she had been playing.

"Nora!"

"Nora," it repeated. "Are you there still?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you go on playing?" Her fingers worked mechanically, but they gave no music.

The voice broke. "You can't play tonight," is said. "You're too mad. Isn't it so, Nora?" She made no reply.

"Why don't you answer me?" asked the voice. "Nora, speak to me."

"I've promised not to speak," she replied huskily.

"You need not keep that promise."

"It is only I who can release you from it and I did."

"Who are you?" asked Nora faintly.

"Are you Mrs. Sanderson's son?"

"It does not matter," was the answer. "Then, for a second or two. But I will tell you who I am if you will tell me who you are."

"I am nobody—nothing of importance," she replied.

"That's just what I am," said the voice. "Nobody—nothing of importance."

"But you must be of importance," insisted Nora.

"Perhaps I am of importance to one being," admitted the voice. "But to myself, not at all. And you, Nora—are you not of importance to some one in the world?"

## THE VOICE IN THE DARK

BY KIT DEALTRY.

## SYNOPSIS:

The City of Tokyo, enroute from San Francisco to Ancon, picks up a girl adrift in a collapsible canvas boat. Mrs. Sanderson, one of the passengers, engages her to come and play until she recovers. The girl recuperates rapidly but refuses to give any information regarding herself or where she came from. Her name she says is Nora May. The captain determines to put the girl off at Corinto, but Mrs. Sanderson pays her way to Panama. Then one night Nora plays on the piano and Mrs. Sanderson engages her to come and play for her. At Corinto news of the sinking of an American cruiser causes Nora May to faint. Nora goes with Mrs. Sanderson to her home on Staten Island. Her taste is to go into a very dark room and play anything that comes to her mind; she must not talk, nor must she cease playing until Mrs. Sanderson tells her to stop. At first she is nervous but gradually she becomes accustomed to her work. Her life is uneventful until one morning she reads in the paper of the disappearance of another American cruiser. Mrs. Sanderson finds her upset, and when she inquires the cause, "Nora picks up the paper and hands it to her, denoting a certain article."

## CHAPTER III (Continued.)

## The New Life.

Mrs. Sanderson read it with interest.

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE U. S. CRUISER PHANTOM!

MYSTERY OF MISSING WARSHIPS PARALYZING THE AMERICAN NAVY.

The deepest anxiety is felt throughout the country as to the safety of the U. S. cruiser, the Phantom, which sailed from San Francisco for Apaculco four weeks ago.

She was reported off Eusemenda a week after sailing. But nothing has been heard of her since. She was coming up the coast from Mexico have no information of her, nor of any wreckage. It is feared that another must be added to the list of disappeared ships.

Orders have been issued that the cruisers Hildegard and Austere shall proceed at once southward in a devious course for the purpose of obtaining some clue to the mystery.

Nothing has been heard of the other three warships, and now, with the disappearance of a fourth, the mystery begins to assume paralyzing proportions.

No bad sales have swept the Pacific in the last two months. No bodies have been washed up along the shores between Vancouver and Panama. No wreckage of any import has been found.

Looking up, Mrs. Sanderson caught Nora's eyes fixed on her. A memory flashed across her, Nora had fainted when the first mate of the City of Tokyo had announced the loss of the Phantom. She had cried out, beseeching him to tell her the news was false.

And now she was white and trembling, an object of fear and despair, because she had read of a similar disaster.

CHAPTER IV.

The Voice in the Dark.

There was only one period of the day when Nora was able to forget herself and her troubles. It was when she went into the dark room.

Very soon this room had become part of her existence. She loved its silence, its blackness, its mystic atmosphere. She had never been so happy.

Never had Nora played as she played now.

Occasionally she would wander from her improvisations to some well known song, longing yet not daring to sing the words that came to her lips.

It was during one of these moods that the wonderful thing happened, and her dream defined itself into a truth.

She was playing the "Bedouin Love Song," when suddenly in the silence behind her there came the notes of a human voice.

The voice came out, thrilling, beautiful—the voice of a man.

Nora's lips parted. The desire to sing to merge her voice with the other—overwhelmed her. In another instant thoughts had fled and two voices echoed through the dark space.

An hour later Nora went out, pale and trembling, into the passage.

Not long afterward, Mrs. Sanderson came to her.

"Dear Nora," she said, taking her hand. "I can never thank you! It has been such a wonderful night! How can I ever repay you?"

Nora gazed at her, striving for speech.

"Please you, Nora. Some day you will know, and then you will understand what good you have done."

It was now that a new era in Nora's existence at Staten House began.

For the voice that had sung in the darkness spoke.

It came during an interval of silence after she had been playing.

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"Yes."

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"But you must be of importance," insisted Nora.

"Perhaps I am of importance to one being," admitted the voice. "But to myself, not at all. And you, Nora—are you not of importance to some one in the world?"

"No," she returned bitterly. "To no one in the world."

"Does no one love you?"

"Yes, no one loves me."

"Then surely—"

"You do not understand," put in Nora quickly. "A person may love another, but if that person willfully wrecks the other person's life doesn't it show that the latter is of no importance?"

"Has some one willfully wrecked your life, Nora?"

"Yes, and his own."

"It's strange," said the voice, after a pause. "For that's just what has happened to me."

"You! Oh, but it can't be quite the same," said Nora. "You don't wish yourself dead, as I do."

"I did—until you came," was the daring answer.

"But how can I have made any difference? Your music brought back the wish to live."

"Others tried," said the voice. "But it was not the same. It was the soul I wanted, Nora—not just the fingers—and it was the soul you gave."

"You would say, and if you knew what your playing meant to me. Your music has touched the chords of my very soul."

Then, gathering her faculties rapidly, Nora began to play, and the voice did not speak again that night.

Nora confessed to Mrs. Sanderson immediately she left the dark room. But there was no reproach in store for her.

There came a little relaxation now from the turmoil in the girl's mind.

The voice was a friend. She would turn from the piano while she was playing, searching the intense darkness for some glimpse of him.

It was not so with the owner of the voice.

"I know what you look like," he said to her one day. "You have golden hair and blue eyes. Your complexion is pale. Your lips are prettily curved. Your ears are little. You are not very tall, and you are always dressed in black."

"Nora," said the voice, "but it isn't fair that you should know all this about me. I know nothing about you."

"It doesn't matter about me," said the voice. "Go on playing, Nora—sing to me."

She obeyed.

"Where did you learn to play and sing?" one day inquired the unseen.

"In California," she said.

"But you couldn't have learned what you know at a school."

"I didn't. It is born in me. I learned a good deal of what I know by ear."

"That is how I learned what I know," said the voice.

It seemed to be the particular delight of the voice of the voice to find out similarities in his and her life.

And it was in such dialogues in the dark that Nora and the voice drew nearer and nearer—though how near neither of them realized until the crisis came.

CHAPTER V.

The Summons.

Nora continued to read the newspapers, and always with unmistakable fear. And Mrs. Sanderson continued to watch Nora.

One morning she saw the girl give a violent start when she was reading the paper caught her attention.

For several minutes Nora stared at that something blankly. Then she looked up. The paper fluttered to the floor.

"Mrs. Sanderson," she said, rising, "I wonder if—if you could spare me this morning, I want to go over to the city."

"I am going over myself," at length said Mrs. Sanderson. "We can go together."

"I shall have to leave you when we get across," said Nora hurriedly. "That is, for an hour or so. Would you mind very much?"

"Not if you promise you will come back."

"Yes, yes, I promise that."

"Very well," she said. "I will let you go."

At the Subway, at South Ferry, the two women parted.

Full of curiosity, Mrs. Sanderson purchased a second copy of the paper and ran her eyes over it. When her heart gave a bound, for here undoubtedly was the summons which had taken Nora away so abruptly.

Nora May Heller—if this should meet the eye of Nora May Heller, R. H. is anxious to see her at once, and will wait at the corner of 42d St. and Sixth Avenue, at noon every day for her.

Nora May Heller! So this was her full name. And who was "R. H."?

Mrs. Sanderson literally ached with desire to know.

Her mind worked swiftly, Nora had gone by the "L." Mrs. Sanderson, however, would reach Forty-Second street as soon, if not sooner, by the Subway express.

Alighting at the Grand Central, she hurried into a hansom and drove to Forty-Second street and Sixth Avenue, telling the driver to pull up to a few paces beyond the entrance to the "L."

She sat back, hiding herself guiltily. It was five minutes before she caught sight of the slender black-clad figure emerge from the station.

Nora was deathly pale.

Her eyes were fixed on the man in the light gray suit who was walking rapidly toward her.

The two stood for a minute, clasping hands and looking deeply into each other's eyes.

Mrs. Sanderson studied the man intently.

He was a tall, thin man, with gray hair, a mustache, and sharply cut features. He looked ill. His eyes were lustreless, and there were deep hollows beneath them. His age might have been anything between forty and fifty. His clothes were of the provincial tailor class.

Relief shot through the watching woman. This was no lover, but more likely a relative—perhaps Nora's father.

They were talking in low, earnest tones.

Presently they turned and walked down Sixth Avenue, and Mrs. Sanderson ordered the driver to follow at a safe distance.

Whenever, however, the two disappeared into a restaurant, she felt she had learned all she could for the time being and proceeded with her shopping mission.

That evening Nora went into the dark room to fulfil her duties at the piano with a shuddering heart. The

events of the day had not tended to inspire her. She felt far more like weeping than singing.

And though she strove valiantly, her mood was only too apparent in playing and singing alike.

"You are unhappy tonight," said the voice.

"How can you tell?" asked Nora. "I can always tell how you feel," replied the voice. "I know you so well now, Nora—far far better than I could ever know you if I had seen you."

"Oh, no—you are wrong. You do not know me," cried the girl.

"Yes, I do know you, I understand you," said the voice. "Tonight your heart is aching. Isn't that true?"

A stifled sob was her only answer.

"You don't speak," went on the voice. "That is, not with your lips. But your music speaks. And it tells me—everything."

"Nora, who was that man you went to meet today?" asked the voice after a while.

"I can't tell you; that is, not tonight."

A pause. Then:

"Are you going to see him again tomorrow?"

"Yes," answered Nora.

"You will come back?" it said.

"Yes, I will come back," she answered.

Nora fled from the room as soon as she could.

On the morrow she went, heavy-eyed and pale-faced, to the trust again, and Mrs. Sanderson waited anxiously for her return.

She was faithful to her promise and for a few days talked no more of going to Manhattan.

Nevertheless, she appeared to be awaiting a summons, and this time, though the newspapers, but by mail, for she would watch for the mail-carrier from hour to hour.

Then one day Mrs. Sanderson crossed to the city in order to obtain new domestic help for her household. Her parlor maid was leaving to be married, and it was necessary to replace her.

When Mrs. Sanderson returned, Nora was nowhere to be found in the house.

She searched every room for her, throbbing with anxiety; then hastening out, sought her in the garden.

She found her near the foot of the grounds, which sloped seaward, she heard voices. Some one was talking in the little arbor.

A clump of evergreen bushes hid the speaker from her view. It was the first time in her life, Mrs. Sanderson stooped to play the eaves-dropper.

It was Nora's voice she heard first: "You must go away, the girl was saying. 'You mustn't be seen here.'"

A man answered:

"Perhaps it was. But sometimes I think I am mad, Nora, and this separation from you is a proposition I can't face."

"But you must—you must!" said the girl.

"Why must I?"

"Because—oh, you know I could never bear to go back. I would rather die!"

A little silence followed.

The man broke the silence.

"Nora," he said, suppose I gave it all up. "Would that make any difference?"

"Would you give it up?" Nora asked.

"I think I would—if it would give you back to me, Nora."

"Father."

Mrs. Sanderson started. So the man was Nora's father.

"Life hasn't been worth living to me since you left me," the man continued. "I've been my all day long your mother died, and without you what have I got to live for? Nothing! Nothing!"

"And for me you'd give up all—that?"

"Yes, I'd even play the traitor to get you back."

"What would it mean? That we should leave the country and go to some place where they could never find you?"

"Yes, I would discover some safe place."

"And the money?"

"You know I have all the money we need. I've got it all in my pocket."

"But I would never consent to use that money," said Nora quickly. "I would only come on condition that we started afresh. You're not too old to begin again?"

"We needn't discuss that now," interrupted the man. "Tell me you'll come away with me as soon as I can arrange it. The rest can be talked over later."

"Yes, I'll come," said Nora. "I'll come when you are ready for me."

Mrs. Sanderson's face paled. The temptation to dash through the back door and explore Nora to retract her words was overwhelming. When she escaped it, she walked rapidly back to the house. She was shaking from head to foot. Her eyes dilated with the fear that filled her. Desmond—what would Desmond do?

(To be continued tomorrow)

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VERMONT MARE IS FAST.

Caledonia, N. Y., Aug. 12.—All existing competition track records for the Western New York fair circuit were shattered by Verlie Patchen, owned by G. H. Baker of St. Albans, Vt. when she won the free-for-all on the gateway card of the Tri-Corner Fair. The Vermont mare set up a mark of 1:06 1/2 in the first heat, 2:07 1/2 in the second and 2:08 1/2 in the final. Edward P., which previously held the track record of 2:08 1/2, only finished third in the race.

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## Diet and Health